

Season after season came and went and the survivors hunted and fished with an ever growing sense of security, till the dread terror of their foe was subdued by time, even as distance softened the roar of the falls.

In the centre of the cleared space crackled a couple of fires, round which women were busying themselves. One or two old men nodded drowsily in the shade of a wigwam and eyed with lazy anticipation the preparations for their evening meal.

Several bright eyed little children rolled and tumbled about with the wild grace of creatures of the woods: a lithe limbed boy with a string of shining trout pushed his way through the bushes, fishing spear in hand. A girl child bore a rough birch-bark bucket of water towards the group near the fire.

In the opening of one of the wigwams stood a young girl. She was about sixteen or seventeen. Her slender figure, with its youthful freshness formed an agreeable contrast to the shapeless, and often slatternly appearance of some of the older women around the fire.

A certain superiority, an air of aloofness, seemed to distinguish her. Her clear eyes, the color of a brown forest brook, were fixed dreamily on the glooming woodland. It was thus that some forest creature might await its homing mate.

A shrill scream from the little girl roused her from her reverie. The child, stumbling over a root, had spilt the water and was being shaken for her carelessness by a shrewish looking old squaw.

A red color flushed the healthy brown cheek of the girl, as she stepped swiftly towards the woman and said quietly, "Let her go, Bas-lo-oo, I will get more water." The child released from her captor's hold, cast a half sullen glance of gratitude at her protectress. The other women stopped their work to listen. Angered by this interference and spurred on by her audience, the old woman shook her little victim more fiercely still: "Fetch the water you may, Iroquois squaw," said she, "but I shall beat my grand daughter, if I choose,"