

ways stopped to see his squaw mother, Sawateene, and Sawateene was kept busy picking berries and hunting farms for spring chickens, and Pateeka was getting so fussy about his clothes.

The beautiful summer days went by so quickly.

The general took a new lease of life, for each day he saw Grace improving. The color came back to her cheeks, and now she swam races with Pateeka, and often tramped miles through the woods and over the rocks.

On moonlight nights Pateeka would take her out in the canoe and paddle for hours and Grace felt free and happy and sang songs of the sunny south, sang songs of old England, sang songs in German, that she learned in Berlin, and beautiful bits of Italian opera. Pateeka would hum a tenor to her songs and she would applaud his efforts.

What days and what nights!

The strawberries, the raspberries, the long blackberries, and the huckleberries had come and gone and Grace had delighted in this wild outdoor life, growing stronger every day.

"It will soon be cold weather, Grace. I must take you to a cranberry marsh to pick cranberries before you go back to New Orleans."

Then Grace, who was always a chatter-box, was silent and let the young Indian talk.

"I have traps to set for mink and otter, beaver and bear.

"I will soon have to get ready for the trail.

"I want to give you the nicest mink skins I trap this winter, Grace."

"You are a dear, Pateeka, and I owe you now so much that I feel I can never repay you."

Now Pateeka was silent and paddled on and on in the moonlight.

Grace took it into her head to give a party before leaving the island, so Sawatis came with his fiddle, and Sawateene wore her best beads and blanket, and Loti and the younger boys, who had been named after big chiefs at Ottawa, John A. Macdonald and Wilfrid Laurier, also came.

Weeta did not come, and Grace was disappointed, for she had heard of Weeta's beauty, but had never seen her.

The party was a great success, and Grace sang song after song, sang when Sawatis played and sang when Pateeka hummed. After all had gone the general went to Grace's tent with her.

"My darling, I never saw you so happy in all your life. You sang better, you looked better. Canada has done so much for you that I feel like endowing a hospital or college, or something."

"You old dear, Canada is grand and beautiful, and it has been a glorious playground for us all summer long, but, father, do we not owe much to Pateeka? Do something big for him, father."