

"Got a heavy load in to-day, Barney, that's how it is," said John, as he began to take out the horses to water, and give them a short rest out of harness. Meantime the passengers got out, too, to rest themselves by a change of posture. The stout farmer helped out his wife, and then kindly offered to assist the squaw to dismount. As he did so, a tall, good-looking Indian, in a deer-skin tunic, with a rifle on his shoulder, who had been waiting, unobserved, in the shadow of the forest, gravely came forward, and after a few words had been exchanged with great apparent *sang-froid* and indifference, the two walked silently away,—the Indian shouldering the woman's little bundle, and the squaw her papoose.

The officer, whose baggage denoted his proper destination to be "Francis Percival, Captain H. M. 41st Foot," was meantime leading his horse also to water, and his interested gaze followed the silent, grave couple as they retreated.

"Strange folk yon," said John, who stood close by, undoing straps and bearing reins. "You'll never see them smile or look pleased about anything! Now, that fellow would be shot before he'd let a soul see he was pleased to get his wife and child back!"

"Do they live about here?" asked the Captain.

"Oh, he's one of the General's Indian warriors—a chief, and one he trusts a good deal;—and they've a camp not far off. She's been away among her people on Lake