

he felt assured that his child would be brought safely back the following morning. To the poor mother the night was long and sleepless; her anxiety became greater as the promised time approached. Already she imagined that the Indians would keep their word, and indeed bring back the child, but she fully believed that they would not bring her back alive. She watched the sun with a beating heart, and just when it seemed at the highest point of the heavens, she cried out to her husband, "there they are!"

Shen-an-do-ah and his companions were faithful to their promise; they now came back with the little Jane, who, smiling with delight, was decked out in all the finery that an Indian wigwam could furnish — necklaces of shells, dyed feathers, and moccasins beautifully worked with porcupine quills. She was delighted with her visit and with her presents.

The effect of Mr. White's confidence was