

and pointing coaxingly to the oak groves in the park, "see, big wood, Kosata put on moccassin again, make track there, you and me, kill deer, boil kettle, laugh at Blackfeet, have fine times; any Blackfeet hereby, Felipe?"

"Alas, no," I replied, between a smile and a sigh (I began almost to wish there had been), "we have only a shabby tribe to represent them, who go by the name of Blacklegs, scattered more or less over the land, who are, however, scarcely less dangerous. It is one of these who has already caused you so much suffering, and it is possible may yet work you further injury, unless—"

"Oh, then you stay and guard your sister still, live many happy days here with Kosata."

Our interesting *tête-à-tête* was here interrupted by the entrance of the Earl, who kindly and courteously enforced his sweet grandchild's proposal.

It would be useless to weary the reader by detailing the reasons which induced me to decline the friendly offer it would have