

parted. Narretta accompanied her a short distance, and learned from her how much more than her life she loved the white man, and that were it not for this, not half so terrible would be her marriage with Wahla-ga.

"I would help you if I could," said Narretta, "but I cannot, though each night I will ask the Great Spirit to take care of you."

So they parted, Narretta to return to her lone cabin, and Orianna to pursue her way, she scarce knew whither. For many days they missed her in the sick-room, where all but Charlie wondered why she tarried, and he finally succeeded in convincing them that she had really gone for Ella, though at what a fearful sacrifice he knew not.

CHAPTER XII.

ELLA.

The town of P— is almost exactly east of Glen's Creek, and by keeping constantly in that direction, Orianna had but little difficulty in finding her way. In twelve days' time she accomplished her journey, stopping for food and lodging at the numerous wigwams which lay on her road.

It was near the middle of the afternoon when, at last, she entered the woods on the borders of which lay the settlement of P—. Wearied with her day's toil, she sought a resting-place beneath the same old oak where, seventeen years before, Mr. Gorton had laid his little Madeline; and the same large, rough stone which he had placed there to mark the spot, and which had since fallen down, now served her for a seat. But Orianna knew it not, nor ever dreamed that often had Robert and Marian stood there, the one listening tearfully, while the other told her all he could remember of the sister who, in childish playfulness, he had often called his little wife.

It was now near the 1st of April, and already had the forest trees put forth many a dark green leaflet, while the song birds gaily carolled of the coming summer; but Orianna did not hear them. Sadly her heart went back to her home, and what there awaited her. Weary and worn, is it not strange that for a time she yielded to the despair which had gathered about her heart? Covering her face with her hands, she wept bitterly, nor until twice repeated did she hear the words, "What makes you cry so?" uttered in the soft tones of childhood.

Looking up, she saw before her a little girl, her deep blue eyes filled with wonder and her tiny hands filled with the wild flowers of spring.

Something whispered to Orianna that it

was Ella, and brushing away her tears, she answered, "Orianna is tired, for she has come a long way."

"What have you come for?" asked the child.

"Charlie sent me. Do you know Charlie?" and Orianna looked earnestly at the little girl, whose blue eyes opened wider, and whose tiny hands dropped the flowers, as she answered, "Charlie, my cousin Charlie? Have you come from him? What word did he send me?"

"Walk with me and I will tell you," said Orianna, rising and taking by the hand the unresisting child, who with the ready instinct of childhood, could discriminate between a friend and foe.

For more than an hour, they walked rapidly on, Ella, in her eagerness to hear from Charlie, never once thinking how fast the distance between herself and her home was increasing; nor had she a thought of her companion's intention, until Orianna, suddenly lifting her in her arms, said, "I promised Charlie I would bring you, and for that have I come."

Then a cry of fear burst from Ella, who struggled vainly to escape from the arms which gently, but tightly, held her. "Let me go, oh, please let me go," she cried, as Orianna's walk quickened into a run; but Orianna only replied, "I told Charlie I would bring you, and I promise you shall not be hurt."

"Mother, oh, mother, who will tell my mother?" asked Ella.

"I will send some one to her in the morning," answered Orianna; and then in order to soothe the excited child, she commenced narrating anecdotes of Charlie and the place to which they were going.

Finding it impossible to escape, Ella by degrees grew calm, and as the night closed in, she fell asleep in the arms of Orianna, who with almost superhuman efforts, sped on until a wigwam was reached. There for a short time she rested, and won from a young Indian a promise that he would next morning acquaint Capt. Wilder of the whereabouts of his child. Fearing pursuit, she could not be prevailed upon to stay all night, but started forward, still keeping in her arms the little Ella, who at last slept as soundly as ever she had done in her soft bed at home.

The night was far spent when Orianna finally stopped beneath the shelter of a large, overhanging rock. The movement aroused Ella, who, instantly comprehending where she was, again pleaded earnestly that she might go home. Orianna soon convinced her that to return alone was impossible, and then painted the meeting between herself