

was lit up with a strange fascination, that spoke of a grief and a woe too deep for consolation or relief. Her gaze was not upon Nita, but fixed on the far off western horizon, the beautiful paradise of the Indian, whither she deemed his spirit had taken its flight.

De Soulis, however, had only fainted from the weakness consequent on what he had undergone, and shortly afterwards he again gave signs of returning animation. Ominee had her hand upon his brow, when she felt the slight symptoms of restoring warmth. She started with a thrill of uncontrollable joy, and commenced her efforts afresh to restore him to life.— Her exertions, and his robust constitution, united, soon brought back again his wavering senses.

“Nita must not move again until he gathers strength—it is Ominee who holds him,” she whispered to him softly, as the glad, green shade of the distant forest again waved before his bewildered vision, and he once more attempted to exert his strength to rise. He turned his eyes slowly upon her, as if to assure himself that what he had heard was not the whisperings of his disordered imagination, and in doing so, caught the full gaze of her eye which dwelt upon his, with an expression so pathetic, so beseeching, and withal so indicative of her all-absorbing affection, that he could no longer remain in doubt. A smile of rapture stole over his features, and raising himself as best he could, he again fixed his gaze upon her, seemingly again to re-assure himself.

“Let the pale-face Nita be at rest—the runner of the woods need run no longer in search of the love of Ominee. Does he not see that she has become his own, after all the efforts she has made to avoid her fate?” said the war chief’s daughter, in her soft, winning tones.

“Yes—yes—ah! this is all real then,” he faintly whispered in her ear, while he drew her lips to his, and remained a willing captive in her arms.

They were at length interrupted by the return of the war chief, with a party of his followers, to convey De Soulis to the camp-ground above. The valiant warrior congratulated his brother-in-law on his recovery, but took no notice of aught further, which he may have suspected, leaving, very wisely, the propositions, proposals, and offers of marriage, which De Soulis would, in all probability, soon make to him, to be a matter for after consideration, in which a shrewd calculation was to be made to get back some of the packs of beaver skins which he had squandered with De Soulis, for the mere brass baubles that he wore.