

by side. They were Canadian oaks, of more than the usual size of that species. As the girl advanced toward these oaks, she perceived that the fibres of their roots made the ground very hard and unequal for her blistered feet, therefore she turned aside to the thicket, and followed its course instead of that of the stream.

She had not gone many yards before she heard the click of a rifle behind, and turning her head beheld two Indian hunters in the shade of the group of oaks: one was on his knee taking aim at some object on the top of a cotton-wood tree, beyond the spot where she stood, and the other stood by his companion's side, ready to watch the result of the shot. The next moment the scream of a young eagle rang through the air with the report of the rifle. The bird fell to the earth beating its wings with a loud noise, in the agony of death.

"We have her!" shouted both the hunters, springing forward to seize their prize. "'Tis the calumet eagle, brother," said the taller hunter, "that carried off the red deer last sunset: she's as brave as the whitehead as ever wore plume. I know her scream—it is the fiercest I ever heard."

"She has screeched her last, poor bird!" said the other, who was a twin-brother of the hunter who had just spoken. "We are in luck to-day! this has been the best shot aimed for these twelve moons past! Help me to sling it on my back."

The tallest hunter stood with his black eyes fixed with awe on the thicket, and allowed his brother to buckle the strap around the body of the eagle. The two Indians resembled each other in all points, excepting height. They were muscular and handsome; and had no more than just reached the period of manhood. Their rifles were made of dark wood, and the same weight; the pouch and horn which each had hanging from the shoulder, were of one shape and size; and the primitive garment of skins, with the hair outwards, was worn on both figures. In the deer-skin belt around each waist was placed a knife in a leathern sheath, with a handle of buck-horn, both of one pattern.

"What is it that my brother sees!" asked the shorter Indian.

"Softly!" cried the other. 'Twas a white spirit! No woman of the Pale-faces would be abroad here—'tis an