

cry increasing in vehemence as the hours wore on, and cold and exhaustion overcame her, with a sense of weariness and desolation unknown, unfelt, before. There must have been a sad feeling of wonder and perplexity at the unwonted silence which reigned around her, at the absence of all familiar sounds and voices. True, her father's dogs were there, faithful watchers through the night, who had helped to keep the family in food and fuel through the long winter months, hauling the sleighs, laden with moose or deer's meat ; or with good-sized fir trees, morning by morning, for their camp fires. Strong, faithful creatures they were, patient and enduring, sharing all the hardships and privations of the Indian, with a fortitude and devotion to be met with nowhere else. It would have been hard enough to tell when those four watchers of the little one had had their last good meal ; the scraps awarded to most dogs seldom could be spared for them,—the very bones, picked bare by the hungry masters, were grudged them, being carefully kept, and broken and melted down for grease (that most necessary ingredient in