

doing so at intervals for hours. I was furious. The broth only increased my appetite, and I begged and coaxed and pleaded for meat; but the Blackfoot was inexorable. How I cursed that Indian! All my strength was spent in useless raving. He was firm as a rock; nothing could move him an inch. Hour after hour he worked and tended me as he would a child. When I grew a little stronger he made the broth a little stronger; and, finally, he ventured to give me a little meat, although the pieces were small and the distance between them was very great.

And so the time wore on. The next evening I was able to walk, and in company with my kind friend I set out for the fort. I leaned upon his arm, and he led me along carefully. We had nearly reached the prairie, when a dark object lying in the snow met my eye. A horrible thought flashed through my mind. The Indian led me to it, and I stooped down and gazed upon it. My worst fears were realized: the dark object was none other than the body of my friend and guide, Red Plume, the Assiniboin.

We buried him in a snow-drift, and left him, and proceeded on our way. The darkness of night had come over the earth when reached the camp by the river-side; but we walked boldly in and stood beside the camp-fire. You may imagine the surprise with which we were received. Explanations followed; and I, the last of the seven strong hunters who had left the camp a few days before, was necessitated to recount to the assembled trappers the sad fate of my six comrades.

Early next morning the Piegan Blackfoot prepared to leave. His home was in the Eagle Hills, and he was obliged to return. Many and valuable were the presents I offered him, but the only one he would accept was a rifle. Tears were in my eyes when I bade him good-bye. He turned as he was disappearing around the bend in the river, and waved his hand. I never saw him afterwards; but as long as I shall live, the memory of his dark, proud face, as it appeared when he first stood before me, will be engraven on my heart.

THE TWO NEIGHBOURS,
OR
REVENGE REPAID BY KINDNESS.

BY ROBERT RIDGWAY, TORONTO.

CHAPTER I.

Those tales of greatest value surely are,
Which, like biography, when true and just,
Investigate below the surface far;
Nor in profession or appearance trust.
(*Moral Tale.*)

Among those hills, forming portions of the great Pennine chain, crossing the north-eastern extremity of Cheshire, are many deep, secluded dells; so shut in on every side but one, and that often a circuitous opening, that the traveller on the adjoining heights will occasionally see the smoke of some farm house ascending apparently out of the earth, while a few steps taken in its direction will reveal to him a bosky dingle, or romantic clough, with its farm steads nestling beneath the brow of the hill on which he stands. In one of these dingles or cloughs there lived, forty years ago, two families, each of which held a little farm—one of fourteen and the other of twenty acres.

As farmers of this class could, with difficulty, maintain themselves from such small tracts of land, and more especially when situated among the higher hills, it was customary to fill up their spare time by handloom weaving, hatting, or, if among the heather proper, by broom making; for which articles a ready market could be found among the neighbouring villages and towns in the surrounding country.

The two families of which we write were near neighbours, their houses being only about one quarter of a mile apart, but so situated as to be out of sight from each other. The house at the clough was occupied and owned by a man, we will call Purdee. The house situated in the lower part of the dell was tenanted by a man called Crooksmith, or, as he was always called, "Crooks." Purdee had two sons and two daughters, children of whom any parents might be proud. His daughters were handsome; and, as the saying there was, "as good as handsome." Both his sons were stout, healthy, tall and powerful