

the beach and the girl, leaping lightly out, came walking directly towards them.

Although both the Chevalier and Glenbucket were now tolerably familiar with the quaint costumes of the Indian women, they could not help but gaze in some wonderment upon the newcomer. Her dress, while of like pattern and material to those they had already seen, was of richer texture and more elaborate workmanship; the mooseskin being of a velvety soft tan and the ornamentations of colored porcupine quills covering no mean portion of the whole surface. For another thing, this female's person was far neater—and cleaner—than the ordinary hardworking and much-abused squaw. Her reddish-brown skin was clear and far from unpleasing in its tint, her figure trim, her manner fairly bold, but, withal, had a becoming air of modesty to it. Her headdress was a most elaborate creation of gayly colored feathers and its trimmings partly obscured her face and fell halfway to the ground. At her belt was a small pouch and a sheathed hunting knife. In one hand she carried a bow and several feathered arrows; in the other, a fair-sized package wrapped about with sheets of birch-bark.

“Now, by our Lady,” ejaculated the princely adventurer; “this must be one of our own station, come to tender fraternal welcome or courtesy to a visiting sovereign. She can be no less than a queen of the wildwood.”

The jaw of Glenbucket fell lower and lower