

but around that homestead these were performed in only the most perfunctory manner every moment that could be saved being devoted to searching the caves and hollow trees, every crevice and hiding place to which a wild beast might resort, but of course, not a trace of the missing child appeared.

The mother's health suffered so severely from the strain that she was unable to rise from her bed, and it was pitiful to see her wistful eyes questioning each unsuccessful searcher.

One evening, as the family sadly gathered round the table to eat their simple evening meal, which, under the mother's directions, had been prepared by the youngest remaining girl, a face looked in at the uncurtained window, and an instant after the kitchen door was quietly opened. An Indian lad of about fifteen stood in the doorway, and asked for 'Mis' Harding.' At the sound of his voice the eager mother, ever alert for news of her lost little one, staggered up and stepped towards him, with outstretched hands as if to clasp her baby.

'Yes!' said the lad, in answer to her unspoken question. 'I bring you word of her. She is well, and happy, your little papoose,' and his voice was soft with pity, though it changed its tone to one of entreaty, with yet an undercurrent of menace, as he turned to Mr. Harding, whose expression told of angry suspicion underlying his joy.

'Promise me; swear by the white man's good book you will not harm anyone who has stolen your baby, and I will take you safely to her, and in four suns she,' nodding at the mother, 'shall once more kiss her little one.'

'I promise, I promise!' said the agonized father. But the lad smiled bitterly, as he said, 'White men have been known to break their promises to Indians. Take the Book,' for he had lived much among the whites, and was keenly observant.

The Bible, the great family Bible, was quickly brought by one of the children from the table in the next room; the lad stretched out his hand, took the book and held it long enough to read its title, then handed it to Harding, who solemnly promised by its sacred pages to do no harm, bear no malice to those who had spirited away his child, and that he would allow no one to do so, so far as it was in his power to prevent such.

The wretched father assured him he was so anxious to get little Nellie, he would care little for revenge, but 'Why,' he asked, 'should any one of your people seek to injure me or mine?'

'Too much fire-water; bad stuff for white man, worse for Indian,' was the puzzling answer.

In a very short time Harding was ready to follow his Indian guide, and in the meantime Mrs. Harding, to whom the joyful excitement had lent a fictitious strength, hospitably entertained the boy. To most of her questions he shook his head, pretending to not understand the English, but many times assured her of the welfare of little Nellie.

Unerringly the young Indian guided Harding until on the morning of the second day by his advice Harding entered alone, and standing near a certain hut, demanded in a loud voice to see the chief, as he desired to employ some of the tribesmen to aid him in discovering the fate of a lost child.

The boy disappeared, and Harding proceeded to obey his directions, taking care, however, to speak Nellie's name with special distinctness, and accenting it in an

odd way used only by himself. The second time he uttered the name there was a sharp cry of 'Mine Daddie, mine Daddie,' and a small form flew from a near-by hut and hurled itself into his outspread arms. It was quickly, but not too quickly, followed by an Indian woman, who, when Chief Jack strutted up, prepared to defend his theft, pretended to make effort to get the child from the father's arms.

Catching the idea from some few words she muttered Harding grasped Jack's hand and began most effusively to thank him for rescuing his child, at the same time inviting him to come to his house for reward.

Before they left his camp Jack owned up to the true part he had played, and ended with, 'What you teach her sing that fool song for?' and then laughed most heartily when told who had taught it to her, and how persistently she had clung to it. Jack sent the boy a toy canoe, with word that it was a gift for his 'fool brother,' the fact being he shrewdly guessed at the boy's remorse when he should learn the origin of all the trouble.

Great was the rejoicing which hailed the little wanderer, who had been petted and made much of by the Indians, but she could not be quite happy on account of homesickness, so in pity her adopted mother had sent her son to tell the Hardings how to rescue the child.

The Captive Girl

A TRUE STORY.

(Kathie Moore, in the 'Presbyterian'.)

Not very far from the good city of Philadelphia lives a little girl named Regina. She is a dear little girl, with a very fair face, blue eyes, bright hair and pink cheeks. Grandma says she is the very image of the little Regina who was carried off by the Indians so long, long ago.

This story of Grandma's is one of the saddest stories in our early history—a true story and a wonderful one.

Little Regina—the one who was carried off by the Indians—lived in a cabin in the forest, not far from where Harrisburg now stands. That part of Pennsylvania was then a forest, with wild animals and savage Indians roaming through it.

Regina had a father and mother, a brother fifteen years old, a sister thirteen years old, and a baby brother of three. Regina herself was ten. Regina was a little Christian. She loved the Saviour and always asked his help in time of danger; then there was a little hymn she was very fond of singing. She and her mother sang it every evening after they had said their prayers.

Alone, and not alone, am I

Though in this solitude so drear,

I feel my Saviour always nigh;

He comes the weary hours to cheer,

I am with Him and He with me,

E'en here alone I cannot be.

That is the hymn they sang, and God used it in a very strange and wonderful way to bring Regina back to her mother after she had been stolen by the Indians.

One day Regina's mother went to the mill for flour, taking the little boy with her. The mill was a long way off. It took her all day to make the journey. When she returned back in the evening nothing was left of her home but a heap of smoking ruins. The little house she had loved so

well, and the barn that was filled with grain, were burned to the ground. Not far away lay the bodies of her husband and son, murdered by the Indians and scalped. Regina and Barbara, her two daughters, were gone, and she knew well enough that the Indians had carried them away.

Some days after, a party of hunters found Barbara's dead body lying by a stream of water, with her head cleft by a tomahawk. When the mother heard of this she knew that she would never see Barbara again in this life, but for nine long years she heard nothing of Regina, and she mourned for her, and hoped and prayed for her until at last God answered her prayer.

Poor little Regina was taken by the Indians to their camp, and there she was given to an old squaw who was very cruel to her. The squaw was so old and stiff with rheumatism that she could not work, but she was not too stiff to beat poor Regina most brutally. The child was compelled to carry all the wood and water that were needed in their wigwam, to gather roots and berries, trap animals and catch fish. She had a very hard and bitter life, and after awhile, as the old squaw would not allow her to speak anything but the Indian language, she forgot how to speak her own language; but she never forgot her prayers, nor the hymn her mother used to sing with her every evening.

Regina looked like the other little Regina who lives not far from Philadelphia. Her face was so fair and lovely that the Indian children called her Sawquehanna, which means, in their language, 'a white lily.' But after she had lived with the old squaw for some years her hair and skin became dark and coarse, so that no one would have known her for a white girl, except for her large, clear blue eyes that never changed.

During the nine long years that Regina was lost her mother never ceased to search for her. When she heard of a white girl being seen with the Indians, she immediately set out to find her, always feeling sure it was her own dear daughter, and always coming back home disappointed.

The French and Indian war was being carried on at the time, and when finally it closed and the English became masters of the country, the Indians were compelled to give up all their white captives. Many white children had been carried off by them, and these were all taken from them by the English soldiers. Good Colonel Boquet, who had charge of this work, was very careful that not one white child should be left with the savages, and in this way more than one hundred white children, between five and twenty years of age, were taken from the Indians.

At first the children were taken to Pittsburgh, or Fort Pitt, as it was then called, and there about fifty of them were found by their parents. The others were taken to Carlisle, and there almost all of them found parents or friends, though a few of them had no one left in the world after the Indians had slaughtered the family and burned the home.

Regina's mother went to Carlisle in hopes of finding her long-lost daughter. Regina was nineteen years old at that time. She was very tall and dark. She had forgotten a great deal. She could not tell her last name nor the names of her parents or brothers and sister. She did not know where she had lived, and though she remembered her own name, 'Regina,' she could not pronounce it so that others un-