

to let them know that her father and lover were of the party, but now she must tell them.

Pleadingly she laid her hands on the feet of the chief, and told him that her father was with these men; how she loved him, and of his probable death if they had an encounter; told him of a brave young man who would be her husband when the next moon had hung three evenings in the sky, and that he was with the party, that they were not cowards, but brave and good; that she could not stay with them, but must go back to her home before the morning light returned, and her father must never know that she had warned them.

The shadow on the faces of the braves had turned into a scowl, and the chief made no sign, but looked—stern and stony—into the fire. Alarmed at this, she spoke of the wonderful light on the top of Blomidon,—when all over the land and water it was dark,—how she prayed, how the moon came out from the black clouds, and shone over the water, how the light left the mountain and rested on the trees over the encampment, how her strength came back to her, and how the canoe had sped like an arrow over the dangerous waters.

Now she saw that the scowl had left the faces of the braves and the stony look of the chief was gone, and quiet light came into his eyes as he watched the fire till the arrow was burned to ashes; then rising to his feet, he laid his great copper-colored hands gently on her head, and gravely said,—

"Brave daughter of the pale-faced cowards, you shall go to your father and your husband. The Great Spirit wills it. And Pedousaghtigh's braves will spare the white-faced wolves because you ask it."

Then turning to the women, he bade them welcome the maiden and give her food, and silently strode out into the night followed by his silent braves.

The women of the chief's family were warm in their welcome, but Madrine was frightened at her situation, despite the kindness shown her, and she wondered where the chief had gone and what he would do. It seemed a long time when he returned, alone, and motioned to her to go with him. With an Indian farewell to the women, she stepped out into the dark forest, and silently followed the stealthy strong steps of her guide, whose eagle feathers seemed to mingle with the tops of the trees.

By a shorter path than she had come, they reached the water, but not at the cove where she had landed. Her canoe was not there, but a large strong one sat on the beach, with a pair of deer horns fixed to the bow, and deer-skins spread in the bottom.

Madrine had seen this canoe before, and knew it belonged to the chief, and was used only on great occasions. She had been told that the horns on the bow were taken from the leader of a herd of deer that appeared suddenly on the top of Blomidon, at a time when long famine had wasted the people, and many of the deer were killed for food, and the horns were sacred. Two men stood near the canoe. They were not the braves she saw at the camp, but she knew them. They were mighty hunters and warriors, and wore eagle feathers like the chief's. As she came near them, each in turn laid his hand on the flowing hair, and said,—

"You are welcome, brave child of the pale-face."

Madrine asked the chief for her own canoe.

"Not to-night," he said, "a mighty storm coming. Some time it will come to you," and lifting her like a child, placed her in the strong canoe the men had handed into the water, and bade her sit low on the deer-skin, and keep very still. The men took their places, one near each end, signed to the chief, and struck the

strong paddles into the water, and the canoe sprang out over the dark surface with the speed of a startled deer, leaving a long line of white-fringed, eddying holes behind it.

On with steady speed went the canoe till the shadow of Blomidon fell upon it, then the intrepid men drew in the paddles, and lifting their bronzed faces supplicatingly to the sacred peak and rested. Then again, with the energy of engines of steel, they plied the strong paddles.

The rapid tide and hurrying wind were with them, and the canoe rushed like a terrified thing for the distant shore. But the driving storm behind was more terrible in its speed, and the dark green, foam-crested billows rolled and surged on after it like angry pursuers.

An hour or more of this speed, and the canoe trembled, and she saw a broad belt of foam on either side, and the men paused and looked back, and then bent to their work with the energy of such men in struggle for life. The tough ash paddles bent like wands, and the canoe leaped out of the belt of foam, and shot ahead of the storm with the speed of an arrow, and the land

was almost reached when the canoe again trembled, and the belt of foam was far ahead and wide. The waves had won the race, and the storm was upon them. Still the iron-nerved men drew the paddles through the seething water with unabated strength, and soon in the grey morning light they could see the shore, now white with the surf of the waves.

The Indians could not possibly return until the storm was over. But Madrine, knowing the price set upon their lives, and fearing the possible early return of the men, dared not offer them shelter. So with a few hasty words of farewell she hurried through the morning gloom and storm to the house near by, the brave men carrying the canoe up the shore where the woods lined the water, and where they could remain with safety till the out-going tide of the next night. Entering the house, Madrine found a bright bed of coals under the raked ashes, and soon had a glowing fire. Tired and utterly exhausted, she laid down on the broad wooden settee in front of the fire, and slept soundly for several hours.

